

插图·中文导读英文版



Boule de Suif

# 羊脂球

[法] 莫泊桑 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社



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北京

## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了法国著名作家莫泊桑的短篇小说 13 篇,其中包括《羊脂球》、《两个朋友》、《西蒙的爸爸》、《项链》、《月色》、《米隆老爹》和《决斗》等世界短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。这些小说被翻译成世界上各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被无数次地改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,这些短篇小说中的经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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莫泊桑，全名居伊·德·莫泊桑（Guy de Maupassant，1850—1893），19世纪末法国最伟大的短篇小说家，在法国文坛上享有“短篇小说之王”的美誉，与欧·亨利、契诃夫并称为世界三大短篇小说之王。

1850年8月5日，莫泊桑出生在法国诺曼底省迪耶普城附近一个没落的贵族家庭。从童年时代起，母亲就培养他写诗，母亲是他走上文学创作道路的启蒙老师。1870年，莫泊桑中学毕业后到巴黎入大学学习法律。这一年普法战争爆发，他应征入伍。在军队中，他亲眼目睹了危难中的祖国和在血泊中呻吟的士兵，他把自己的所见所闻写下来，以激发人们的爱国热情。1871年，战争结束后，莫泊桑退役回到巴黎，先后在海军部和教育部任职。

1878年，他在教育部工作之余开始从事写作，同时拜舅舅的同窗好友、大文学家福楼拜为自己文学上的导师，并且因此与福楼拜结下了亲如父子的师徒关系。福楼拜决心把自己创作的经验传授给莫泊桑，莫泊桑在导师的具体指导下刻苦磨砺达十年之久。1880年，莫泊桑发表了他的成名之作《羊脂球》。该作品使他一鸣惊人，从此莫泊桑一跃登上了法国文坛。此后，莫泊桑共创作了《一家人》《我的叔叔于勒》《米隆老爹》《两个朋友》《项链》等300多篇思想



性和艺术性完美结合的短篇小说佳作。莫泊桑的长篇小说也达到很高的成就，共创作了6部长篇佳作：《一生》《漂亮朋友》《温泉》《皮埃尔和若望》《像死一般坚强》和《我们的心》。

莫泊桑的文学艺术成就，对世界文学宝库做出了巨大贡献。他写作艺术技巧的成就，不仅在法国文学史上占有重要地位，而且对世界上其他国家的短篇小说创作产生了很大的影响。屠格涅夫认为他是19世纪末法国文坛“最卓越的天才”。托尔斯泰认为他的小说具有“形式的美感”和“鲜明的爱憎”，他之所以是天才，是因为“他不是按照他所希望看到的样子而是照事物本来的样子来看事物”，因而“就能揭发暴露事物，而且使得人们爱那值得爱的，恨那值得恨的事物”。左拉认为他的作品“无限地丰富多彩，无不精彩绝妙，令人叹为观止”。恩格斯说：“应该向莫泊桑脱帽致敬。”

一个多世纪以来，莫泊桑的作品在全世界产生了巨人的影响，始终拥有大量的读者。本书精选了他的短篇小说13篇，采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了让读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 羊脂球

Boule De Suif



接连好多天都有残军从镇子穿过。队伍中的士兵十分落魄，仿佛是在无意识地前进着。过度的疲劳让他们更显颓丧。

类似的游击队伍有很多，那些人都会从镇子经过。

他们的军官过去大都是商人，迫于环境的变化成了战士，由于他们有钱所以成为了军官。他们表面上威风，实际上很担心手下叛变。

有传闻说普鲁士人已经攻入鲁昂市区了。这导致国民警卫队的侦察工作更加谨慎小心。现在他们都离开了。一位战败的将军带着他战败的队伍渡过了塞纳河，他已经万念俱灰，没有了生气。

恐惧的氛围笼罩着整个城市。生活似乎停止了，街上没有一个人。

很快，侵略军占领了城市。很多征服者住进了城市居民的家中，居民们对所遭受的不幸只能忍受，安慰自己这也是寻求安全保障的一种方法。

市区逐渐恢复了它平时的状态，但是街道上全是普鲁士士兵。整个城市陷入了被征服的阴影之中。一切反抗行动都转入了地下，



羊脂球被迫迎合军官



不时有征服者的尸体被发现。

征服者并不严酷的统治让人们逐渐大胆起来，又有商人出来做生意了。有人依靠关系弄到了通行证，可以离开这里。有一些旅客预订了离开的位置，他们决定在星期二凌晨时出发。

尽管都还没有完全睡醒，旅客之间还是开始了小范围的交流。马夫将车套好，旅客将家人都安顿好，然后就起程了。

马车行进得很慢。乘客们在车厢内互相打量着。乘客包括葡萄酒批发店老板鲁瓦索夫妇、寓言和歌曲作家都尔内先生、棉花大王拉马东夫妇、休伯特伯爵夫妇、民主主义者戈尔诺、两个修女，另外还有一个叫做“羊脂球”的丰满女人。

“羊脂球”是一个高级妓女，所以马车内的夫人们都对她抱有敌意，因为这种共同的敌意使夫人们成为了联合在一起的朋友。男人们则聚在一起闲聊着最近生意上的得失。

马车继续慢慢前行，路上既没有小饭馆也没有卖食物的人家，饥饿使马车上的乘客产生了恐慌。这时羊脂球从自己的行李中拿出了食物篮子，里面的食物是准备在旅途上享用的。所有人都在看着她，羊脂球大方地将食物分给了马车上的其他乘客，很快食物就被大家吃光了。在进食过程中，其他乘客与羊脂球自然而然地聊了起来。

谈论时自然就涉及到了战争，羊脂球言辞最为激烈，她带着一种真正的愤慨，她对侵略者表达出了最大的憎恨。其他旅客都对羊脂球表达出了自己的尊敬。

吃光了食物，车厢内又恢复了平静。

马车行驶到了多特镇，刚刚停好就听到有德国人的声音。德国人把他们带到一个房间进行检查，确定没问题之后把他们留在了旅馆。不久，旅馆老板来传话说德国人要见羊脂球，羊脂球本打算拒

绝，但又担心因为自己的拒绝给同伴们带来麻烦，所以只好去了。很快她怒气冲冲地回来了。

大家在房间共进了晚餐。因为一天的旅行让大家疲惫不堪，所以饭后都上床睡觉去了。

旅客们本打算第二天一早就出发的，但起床之后却发现只剩下马车，马匹和马夫都不见了。他们在咖啡馆找到了马夫，马夫告诉他们德国人不让他们离开。旅客们都感到了恐慌，他们想要去见德国军官，但这是不可能的。一直等到下午，他们终于见到了德国军官。他们恳求军官让他们离开，却被拒绝了。晚些时候，旅店老板来询问羊脂球是否改变了主意，这一举动让其他人都感到很意外。羊脂球非常直白地拒绝了。等到旅店老板离开之后，大家都聚到羊脂球周围，向她询问出了什么事情。原来德国军官要羊脂球陪他睡觉，但羊脂球不愿意。大家都表达了对德国人军官的憎恨以及对羊脂球的支持。

又过了一天，因为还是不能离开，大家对羊脂球的态度变得有一些冷淡了，因为大家考虑了一晚，他们的想法都有了变化。

第四天，大家都不再和羊脂球说话了，他们觉得之所以不能离开都是羊脂球的错。大家背着羊脂球商量着把羊脂球留给那军官，作为交易让军官放他们走。但是军官拒绝了他们的交易。旅客们都开始疯狂了，他们大声地咒骂着羊脂球，大肆污蔑着羊脂球的人格。他们决定逼迫羊脂球接受军官的要求。但他们没有发现，就在他们讨论肮脏的计划时，羊脂球已经回来了，完完全全地听到了他们的谈话。

这群人不停地劝羊脂球去迎合军官，但是羊脂球就是不为所动，后来连修女都加入了劝说的队伍。终于羊脂球不得不屈服了。

过了一个晚上，军官放他们离开了。在路上，所有人都不理睬

羊脂球，仿佛她是那么的肮脏。其他乘客都吃着自己补充的食物，而羊脂球由于走得仓促没有准备，但却没有人愿意与她分享。这群人牺牲了羊脂球，又排斥她。面对这一切不公的对待，羊脂球哭了。

*F*or several days in succession fragments of a defeated army had passed through the town. They were mere disorganized bands, not disciplined forces. The men wore long, dirty beards and tattered uniforms; they advanced in listless fashion, without a flag, without a leader. All seemed exhausted, worn out, incapable of thought or resolve, marching onward merely by force of habit, and dropping to the ground with fatigue the moment they halted. One saw, in particular, many enlisted men, peaceful citizens, men who lived quietly on their income, bending beneath the weight of their rifles; and little active volunteers, easily frightened but full of enthusiasm, as eager to attack as they were ready to take to flight; and amid these, a sprinkling of red-breeched soldiers, the pitiful remnant of a division cut down in a great battle; somber artillerymen, side by side with nondescript foot-soldiers; and, here and there, the gleaming helmet of a heavy-footed dragoon who had difficulty in keeping up with the quicker pace of the soldiers of the line. Legions of irregulars with high-sounding names “Avengers of Defeat,” “Citizens of the Tomb,” “Brethren in Death”—passed in their turn, looking like banditti. Their leaders, former drapers or

grain merchants, or tallow or soap chandlers—warriors by force of circumstances, officers by reason of their mustachios or their money—covered with weapons, flannel and gold lace, spoke in an impressive manner, discussed plans of campaign, and behaved as though they alone bore the fortunes of dying France on their braggart shoulders; though, in truth, they frequently were afraid of their own men—scoundrels often brave beyond measure, but pillagers and debauchees.

Rumor had it that the Prussians were about to enter Rouen.

The members of the National Guard, who for the past two months had been reconnoitering with the utmost caution in the neighboring woods, occasionally shooting their own sentinels, and making ready for fight whenever a rabbit rustled in the undergrowth, had now returned to their homes. Their arms, their uniforms, all the death-dealing paraphernalia with which they had terrified all the milestones along the highroad for eight miles round, had suddenly and marvelously disappeared.

The last of the French soldiers had just crossed the Seine on their way to Pont-Audemer, through Saint-Sever and Bourg-Achard, and in their rear the vanquished general, powerless to do aught with the forlorn remnants of his army, himself dismayed at the final overthrow of a nation accustomed to victory and disastrously beaten despite its legendary bravery, walked between two orderlies.

Then a profound calm, a shuddering, silent dread, settled on the

city. Many a round-paunched citizen, emasculated by years devoted to business, anxiously awaited the conquerors, trembling lest his roasting-jacks or kitchen knives should be looked upon as weapons.

Life seemed to have stopped short; the shops were shut, the streets deserted. Now and then an inhabitant, awed by the silence, glided swiftly by in the shadow of the walls. The anguish of suspense made men even desire the arrival of the enemy.

In the afternoon of the day following the departure of the French troops, a number of uhlans, coming no one knew whence, passed rapidly through the town. A little later on, a black mass descended St. Catherine's Hill, while two other invading bodies appeared respectively on the Darnetal and the Boisguillaume roads. The advance guards of the three corps arrived at precisely the same moment at the Square of the Hotel de Ville, and the German army poured through all the adjacent streets, its battalions making the pavement ring with their firm, measured tread.

Orders shouted in an unknown, guttural tongue rose to the windows of the seemingly dead, deserted houses; while behind the fast-closed shutters eager eyes peered forth at the victors-masters now of the city, its fortunes, and its lives, by "right of war." The inhabitants, in their darkened rooms, were possessed by that terror which follows in the wake of cataclysms, of deadly upheavals of the earth, against which all human skill and strength are vain. For the same thing happens whenever the established order of things is

upset, when security no longer exists, when all those rights usually protected by the law of man or of Nature are at the mercy of unreasoning, savage force. The earthquake crushing a whole nation under falling roofs; the flood let loose, and engulfing in its swirling depths the corpses of drowned peasants, along with dead oxen and beams torn from shattered houses; or the army, covered with glory, murdering those who defend themselves, making prisoners of the rest, pillaging in the name of the Sword, and giving thanks to God to the thunder of cannon—all these are appalling scourges, which destroy all belief in eternal justice, all that confidence we have been taught to feel in the protection of Heaven and the reason of man.

Small detachments of soldiers knocked at each door, and then disappeared within the houses; for the vanquished saw they would have to be civil to their conquerors.

At the end of a short time, once the first terror had subsided, calm was again restored. In many houses the Prussian officer ate at the same table with the family. He was often well-bred, and, out of politeness, expressed sympathy with France and repugnance at being compelled to take part in the war. This sentiment was received with gratitude; besides, his protection might be needful some day or other. By the exercise of tact the number of men quartered in one's house might be reduced; and why should one provoke the hostility of a person on whom one's whole welfare depended? Such conduct would savor less of bravery than of fool

hardiness. And foolhardiness is no longer a failing of the citizens of Rouen as it was in the days when their city earned renown by its heroic defenses. Last of all-final argument based on the national politeness—the folk of Rouen said to one another that it was only right to be civil in one's own house, provided there was no public exhibition of familiarity with the foreigner. Out of doors, therefore, citizen and soldier did not know each other; but in the house both chatted freely, and each evening the German remained a little longer warming himself at the hospitable hearth.

Even the town itself resumed by degrees its ordinary aspect. The French seldom walked abroad, but the streets swarmed with Prussian soldiers. Moreover, the officers of the Blue Hussars, who arrogantly dragged their instruments of death along the pavements, seemed to hold the simple townsmen in but little more contempt than did the French cavalry officers who had drunk at the same cafes the year before.

But there was something in the air, a something strange and subtle, an intolerable foreign atmosphere like a penetrating odor—the odor of invasion. It permeated dwellings and places of public resort, changed the taste of food, made one imagine one's self in far-distant lands, amid dangerous, barbaric tribes.

The conquerors exacted money, much money. The inhabitants paid what was asked; they were rich. But, the wealthier a Norman tradesman becomes, the more he suffers at having to part with

anything that belongs to him, at having to see any portion of his substance pass into the hands of another.

Nevertheless, within six or seven miles of the town, along the course of the river as it flows onward to Croisset, Dieppedalle and Biessart, boatmen and fishermen often hauled to the surface of the water the body of a German, bloated in his uniform, killed by a blow from knife or club, his head crushed by a stone, or perchance pushed from some bridge into the stream below. The mud of the river-bed swallowed up these obscure acts of vengeance—savage, yet legitimate; these unrecorded deeds of bravery; these silent attacks fraught with greater danger than battles fought in broad day, and surrounded, moreover, with no halo of romance. For hatred of the foreigner ever arms a few intrepid souls, ready to die for an idea.

At last, as the invaders, though subjecting the town to the strictest discipline, had not committed any of the deeds of horror with which they had been credited while on their triumphal march, the people grew bolder, and the necessities of business again animated the breasts of the local merchants. Some of these had important commercial interests at Havre—occupied at present by the French army—and wished to attempt to reach that port by overland route to Dieppe, taking the boat from there.

Through the influence of the German officers whose acquaintance they had made, they obtained a permit to leave town



from the general in command.

A large four-horse coach having, therefore, been engaged for the journey, and ten passengers having given in their names to the proprietor, they decided to start on a certain Tuesday morning before daybreak, to avoid attracting a crowd.

The ground had been frozen hard for some time-past, and about three o'clock on Monday afternoon—large black clouds from the north shed their burden of snow uninterruptedly all through that evening and night.

At half-past four in the morning the travellers met in the courtyard of the Hotel de Normandie, where they were to take their seats in the coach.

They were still half asleep, and shivering with cold under their wraps. They could see one another but indistinctly in the darkness, and the mountain of heavy winter wraps in which each was swathed made them look like a gathering of obese priests in their long cassocks. But two men recognized each other, a third accosted them, and the three began to talk. "I am bringing my wife," said one. "So am I." "And I, too." The first speaker added: "We shall not return to Rouen, and if the Prussians approach Havre we will cross to England." All three, it turned out, had made the same plans, being of similar disposition and temperament.

Still the horses were not harnessed. A small lantern carried by a stable-boy emerged now and then from one dark doorway to